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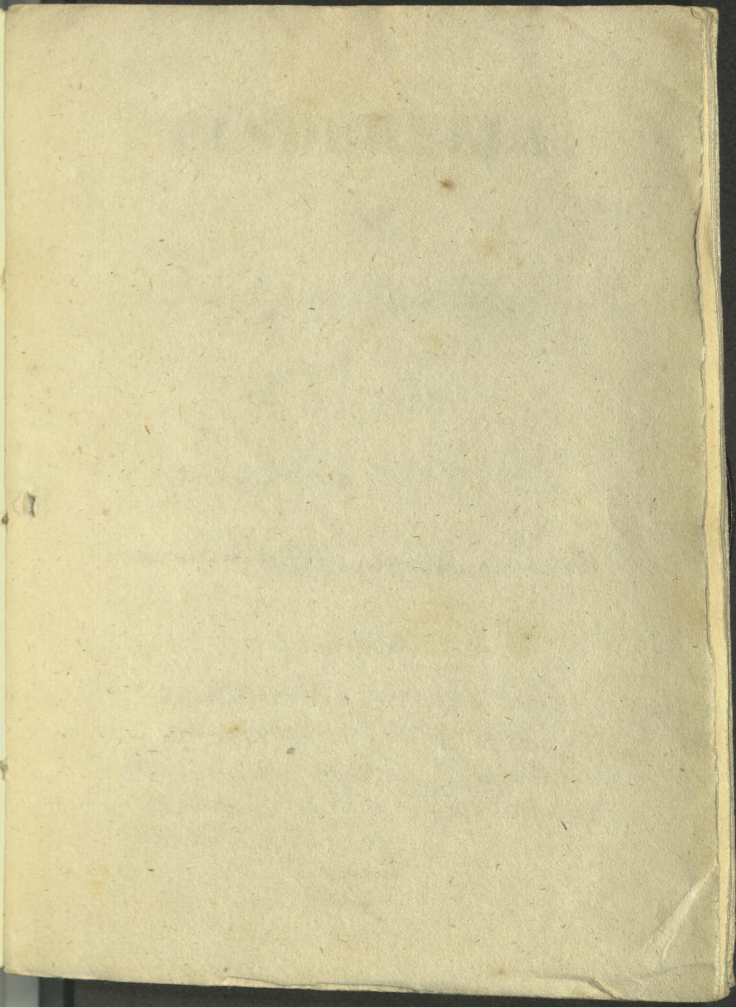
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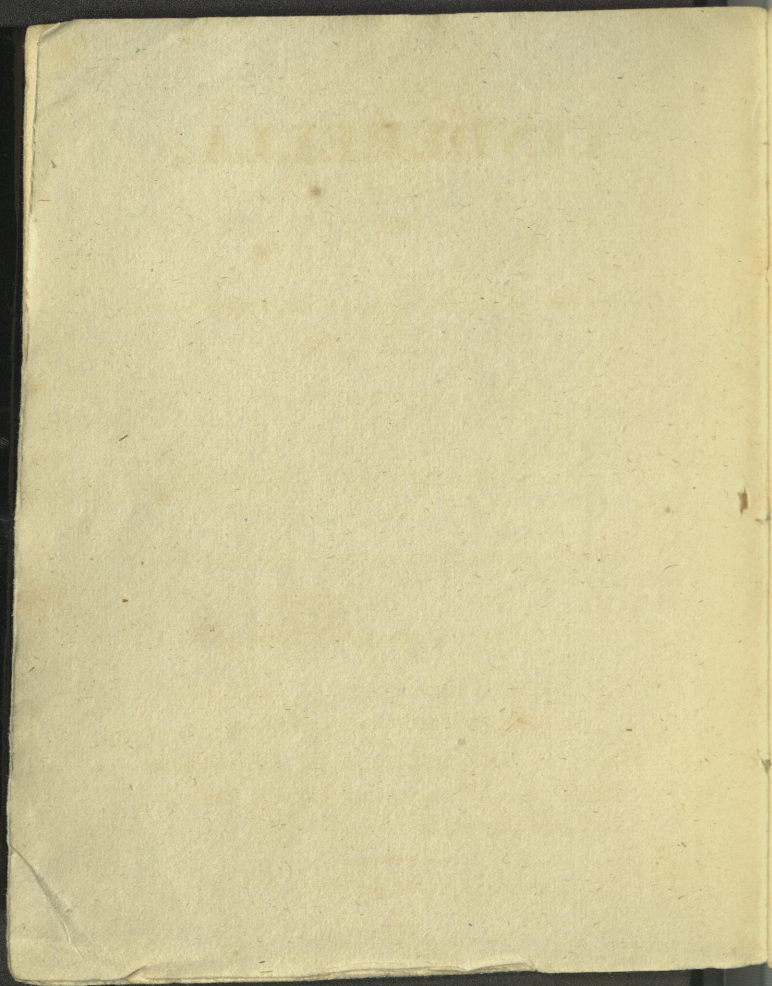
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# CINDERELLA;

OR

---

*In this sweet history we behold,  
That virtue's not an empty name ;  
As oft the humble it exalts,  
To honours, dignity, and fame.*

---

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# CINDERELLA.

---

*Cinderella meanly attired.*

THIS charming girl was passing fair,  
But, dress'd in mean attire,  
Oblig'd to scrub the floor and grates,  
And light the kitchen fire.

The candlesticks she also clean'd,  
The saucepans and the kettles ;  
And bright as silver too appear'd  
All culinary metals.

Now Cinderella with her charms  
Possess'd a virtuous mind :  
Such beauties do not often meet—  
Ah! very hard to find!

Beneath a coarse and poor attire  
 A mind of worth may shine ;  
 Thus diamonds bright, tho' mix'd with  
 dirt,  
 Are found within the mine.

Within the little muscle too  
 A pearl is often found,  
 Cover'd with coarsest weed and shell,  
 As black as ink around.

And thus the precious lucid pearl  
 Doth in the oyster dwell,  
 Conceal'd beneath a covering coarse,  
 A hard and rugged shell.

A haughty step-mother she had,  
 Who cruelly did treat her—  
 Could seldom give her a kind word,  
 And often times did beat her.

Two proud half-sisters too were her's,  
 Not half so fair as she,  
 Who look'd down on her just like dirt,  
 As proud as pride can be.

It happened that a Prince proclaim'd,  
 That he would give a ball;  
 Then sent his royal cards around  
 To ladies great and small.

Two royal invitation cards  
 Were to the sisters sent,  
 Who with a rapt'rous joy receiv'd  
 The gracious compliment.

To Cinderella now they turn'd,  
 And cried, in scornful jeer,  
 "Poor Cinderella! don't you wish  
 "At this grand ball to appear."



“ Yes,” Cinderella, sighing, said,

“ Glad should I be to go ;

“ But I’ve no dresses fit, and then

“ My station is so low.”

Now silent o’er her blooming cheek

The tear of sorrow flows,

All like the dew-drop of the morn

That glitters on the rose.

“ Yes, yes, indeed,” she sorrowing  
sigh’d,

In such a plaintive tone

As makes the turtle when her mate

To gloomy death is gone.

And thus in sweetly plaintive voice

She sigh’d “ Ah ! well-a-day !”

And such as angels might have sung,

She pour’d this tender lay :

## SONG.

Tho Fortune has cruelly frown'd  
 On my sorrowing days that are past,  
 My toil with success may be crown'd,  
 And her smile may reward me at last.

Hope shall not be banish'd my heart,  
 And yield to the gloom of despair ;

Tho' this day may in sorrow depart,  
 To-morrow perhaps may be fair.

---

As in her room she sweetly sung,  
 Appear'd a Fairy Sprite,  
 Who revel while the world's asleep,  
 Amidst the moony light.

Her god-mother this Fairy was,  
Who to her did appear,  
And with a silk of gossamer  
Did wipe away her tear.

“My dearest girl,” the Fairy said,  
“Into the garden go,  
\* And bring a pompion from its bed,  
“Which on that bed doth grow.”

The Fairy struck it with her wand,  
When, at her magic touch,  
The pompion instantly became  
A grand and gilded coach.

And now the good old Fairy said,  
“And look into the trap,  
“And see if any mice be there,  
“That cannot thence escape.”



Cinderella from the trap then took  
 Four beautiful white mice,  
 Which by the Fairy's wand were turn'd  
 To horses in a trice.

"Now go again," the Fairy cried,  
 "My girl, and try to see  
 "A goodly rat within a trap,  
 "And bring it unto me."

She turn'd the rat into a man,  
 No bottl'd ale was brisker ;  
 A jolly coachman with his whip,  
 And on his mouth a whisker.

Six lizards from the garden brought,  
 Were, by her powerful wand,  
 Soon into handsome footmen turn'd,  
 And all at her command.

She now touch'd Cinderella's rags,  
 Which, wond'rous to behold,  
 Were all converted in a trice,  
 To silk and shining gold.

Her hair with diamonds was adorn'd,  
 The brightest of the east ;  
 And modest pearls, beyond all price,  
 Did grace her modest breast.

With slippers form'd of shining glass,  
 The Fairy deck'd her foot ;  
 Which did a peerless lustre yield,  
 And prettily did suit.

" Go, my sweet girl," the Fairy said,  
 " And 'midst the ball-room shine ;  
 " Where every form of female grace  
 " Shall be eclips'd by thine.

" Of fate I will not more unfold,  
 " That to thy lot will fall ;  
 " But haste away, thy charms display,  
 " And triumph at the ball.

" Stay not beyond the hour of twelve,"  
 The Fairy said, " or, lo !  
 " Your rich attire will turn to rags,  
 " And then your tears will flow."

*Cinderella going to the Prince's Ball*

Thus by the fairy power adorn'd,  
 She sought the Prince's ball ;  
 Where every eye her beauty drew,  
 And wonder drew from all.



*Cinderella elegantly dress'd at the  
Prince's Ball.*

Soon as the Prince perceiv'd the fair,  
He courtly did advance ;  
And with a bow he begg'd her hand  
To join him in the dance.

The Prince he gaz'd, in wonder lost,  
And to his courtiers said,  
" That in his life he never saw  
" So beautiful a maid."

The courtiers caught the Prince's praise,  
And echo'd it o'er and o'er ;  
Declaring that they ne'er had seen  
So sweet a maid before.

Above the rest with such a grace,  
 She did superior move,  
 As much as o'er the humble shrubs  
 The poplar in the grove.

In form and grace she did outshine  
 The ladies all as far,  
 As Sol, in his meridian blaze,  
 Outshines a twinkling star.

Or like the eagle of the Sun  
 O'er chicks and mother hens ;  
 Or peacock with expanded plumes  
 O'er flocks of flutt'ring wrens.

Some princess she was deem'd by all,  
 Of every charm the flower ;  
 And though her sisters to her talk'd,  
 They truly did not know her.

Sweetmeats to Cinderella's hand  
 His gracious Highness brings ;  
 Then whispers love into her ears,  
 The softest, sweetest things.

Now Cinderella kindly gives,  
 For goodness never miss'd her,  
 Some of the sweetmeats on the plate,  
 To each admiring sister.

The sounding clock now struck eleven,  
 (For time for no one lags,)  
 When lo! she left the room, for fear  
 Her cloaths might turn to rags.

She now return'd unto her home,  
 Dismiss'd her splendid train ;  
 Then chang'd her dress, and re-appear'd  
 In her old cloaths again.



And now the Prince, when she retir'd,  
 In reverie was lost;  
 And seem'd unto his courtiers all  
 As stupid as a post.

For love doth all things overcome,  
 As every day doth prove;  
 Thus e'en crown'd heads so lofty own,  
 The loftier powers of love.

Love, the queen passion of the soul,  
 The eyes and sighs reveal it;  
 And lo! the heart if fairly form'd,  
 Or soon or late will feel it.

The heart that feels not love's pure flame,  
 A thousand pleasures loses;  
 Like some rude rock that never bears,  
 Like fields, the fragrant roses.

*End of Part the First.*

*PART II.*

---

The Prince's deeply wounded heart  
Was mark'd by all his train ;  
Who vow'd that he would never rest,  
'Till he saw the fair again.

And female beauty certainly  
Was made for aye to last ;  
And to the feeling heart of man,  
To stick like pitch so fast.

Fast as the buz to hair and wool,  
Or fields the stubborn dock ;  
Or birdlime to the linnet's wing,  
Or limpets to the rock.

But who was this enchanting fair  
 That bore away the bell?  
 In vain enquiry vast was made,  
 But nobody could tell.

Her sisters now return'd, and told  
 The wonders they had seen ;  
 Amongst the rest a princess fair,  
 Transcending beauty's queen.

Bragg'd how she talk'd to them, & how  
 She gave them sweetmeats rare ;  
 Then said the world had never seen  
 A princess half so fair.

To Cinderella then they shew'd  
 Some cakes and candied fruit ;  
 Which they forbore indeed to eat,  
 And in their pockets put.



Now Cinderella said, " Good me,  
 " How I should like to taste 'em ;  
 " Oh! sister, sister, let me — pray ;"  
 In vain she did request them.

" You taste those sweetmeats, *you*,  
 Miss, *you* ?

" Such rarities," they cried,  
 " How could you daring thus presume !"  
 They tauntingly replied.

*Cinderella's second Ball Dress.*

The Prince now gave a second ball,  
 And all the world was there ;  
 Amidst the beauties of the room,  
 Our princess did appear.

Again he whisper'd tender love,  
And told her with a sigh,  
That if he could not gain her heart,  
He certainly should die.

And on her charms his Highness then  
Such compliments did pour ;  
So sweetly time did pass away,  
That she forgot the hour.

Forgot her god-mother's commands,  
Which unto her were given ;  
For now, alas ! the clock struck twelve,  
Which she believ'd eleven.

Alarm'd she from the ball-room flew,  
As swiftly as the wind ;  
But in the swiftness of her flight,  
A slipper left behind.

*Cinderella's Flight from the Palace.*

Thus highly mortified was she  
To wander through the mire ;  
Yet forc'd, alas ! to find her home,  
All in her mean attire.

Her fine apparel all was fled,  
In which she brightly shone ;  
The splendid coach and horses too,  
And footmen all were flown.

His Highness, who the slipper found,  
Proclaim'd it far and wide,  
Whatever foot that it should suit,  
That fair should be his bride.



Soon all the ladies of the court  
 And country, a long train,  
 Did try to put this slipper on,  
 But tried and tried in vain.

To Cinderella's sisters now  
 Was sent a noble lord,  
 To try if it would suit a foot,  
 Of her the Prince ador'd.

Her sisters tried, but tried in vain,  
 Their efforts nought could do ;  
 When Cinderella smiling, said,  
 " Pray let me try the shoe."

On this her sisters laugh'd aloud  
 With such a scornful eye ;  
 When, lo ! this lord politely said,  
 " Let Cindérella try."

Soon as the lord the shoe applied,  
 Her pretty foot slipp'd in it ;  
 In short it cost no pains at all,  
 'Twas done in half a minute.

The sisters both astonish'd look'd,  
 With shame were overcome ;  
 'Twas said that e'en the noble lord  
 With wonder was struck dumb.

And more surpris'd was this great lord  
 To see the fellow slipper,  
 Which Cinderella shew'd, with which  
 The Fairy did equip her.

Her god-mother, the Fairy dame,  
 Unseen and near at hand,  
 To Cinderella did approach,  
 And touch'd her with her wand.

*Cinderella's Dress again changed by  
the Fairy.*

At once her dress, her mean attire,  
Most marvellous to behold,  
To silk and laces all were chang'd,  
Adorn'd with gems and gold.

The lord could scarce believe his eyes,  
So thunderstruck in short ;  
But soon his senses did regain,  
And carried her to court.

She now was grac'd with every charm,  
More beauteous than before ;  
The Prince with joy receiv'd her hand,  
All at his palace door.



The Prince embrac'd her in his arms,  
 And said with a kind kiss;  
 "May fate ne'er put, till life shall end,  
 "A period to our bliss."

*Cinderella wedded to the Prince.*

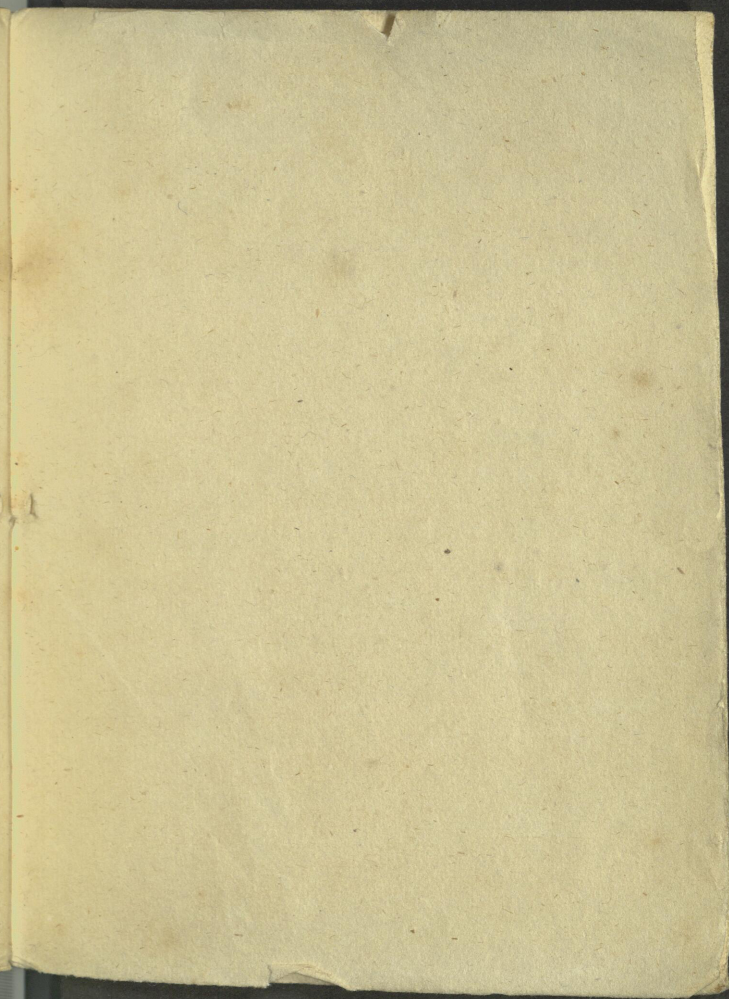
He could not for one moment stay,  
 He seem'd so overjoyed;  
 Thus Cinderella in one hour,  
 Was made a royal bride.

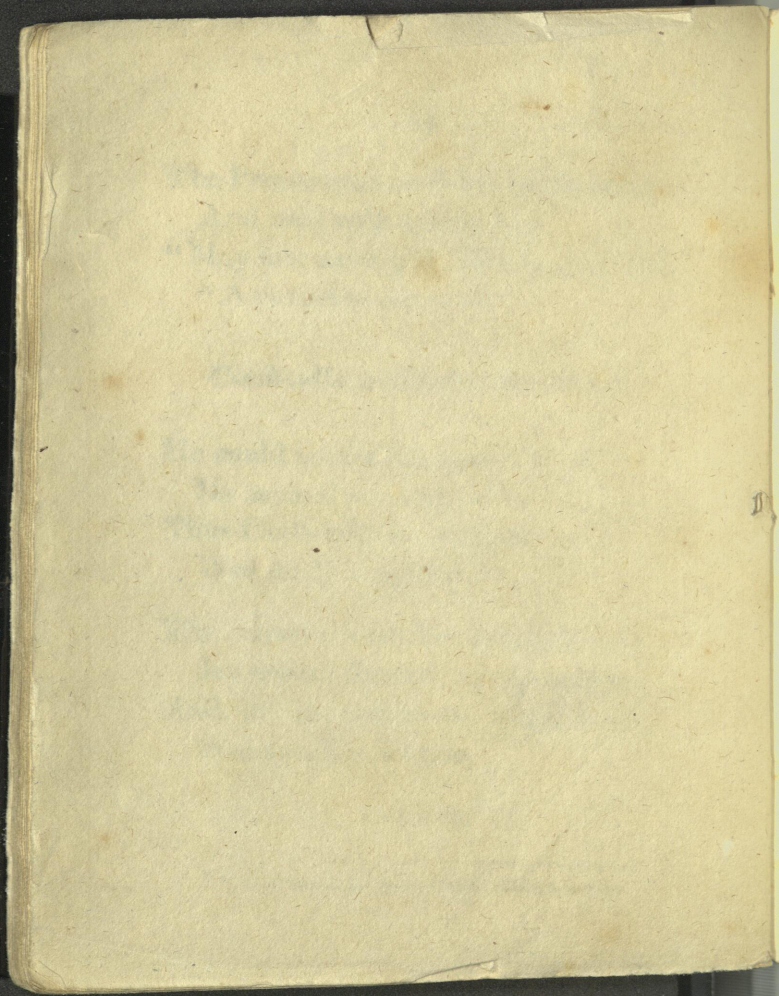
The cannons fired, the bells did ring,  
 Joy spread through all the nation;  
 And, lo! the palace one whole week,  
 Was one illumination.

THE END.

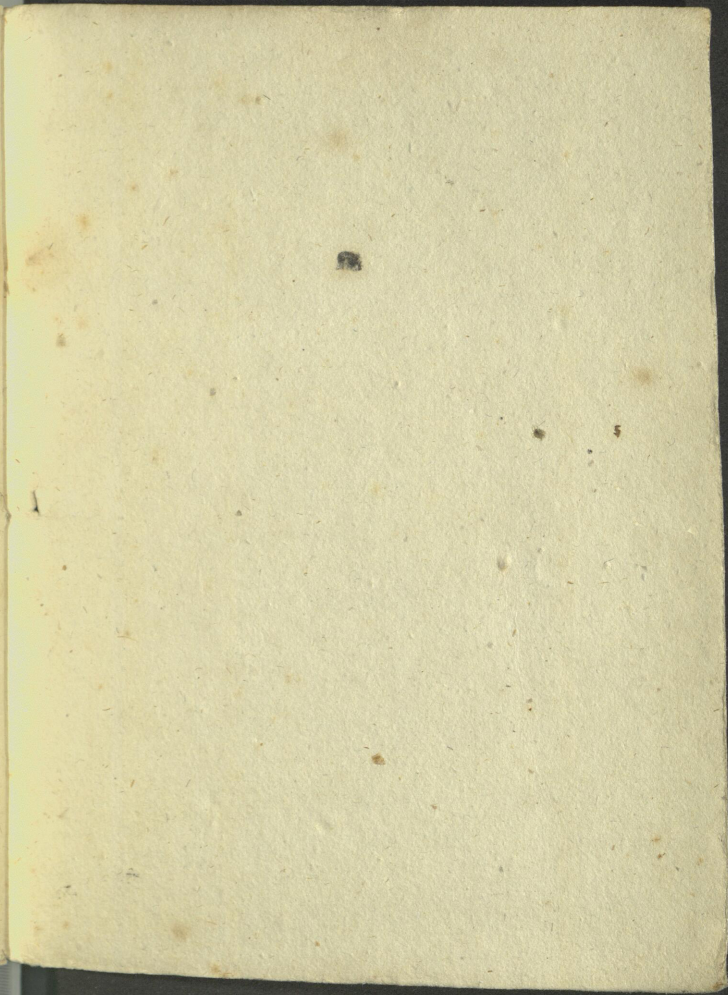
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